Periodical

CHILDREN'S NUMBER

# THE CRISIS

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I heartily thank you for your prompt co-operation in such matters and I wish for your company all of the success that is due it.

Respectfully yours,
VIRGINIA J. REIDE.

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# THE CRISIS

## A RECORD OF THE DARKER RACES

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AND COPYRIGHTED BY THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF COLORED PEOPLE AT 69 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. CONDUCTED BY W. E. BURGHARDT DU BOIS; JESSIE REDMON FAUSET, LITERARY EDITOR; AUGUSTUS GRANVILLE DILL, BUSINESS MANAGER.

Vol. 30 No. 6 OCTOBER, 1925 Whole No. 180

COVER

Ermine Casey Bush of St. Louis, Missouri. Second Prize Baby in N. A. A. C. P. Contest.

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THE NOVEMBER CRISIS

The November CRISIS will contain E. Franklin Frazier's "Eugenics and the Race Problem", a study of co-operation in a West Virginia school, the conclusion of Fisher's "High Yaller", another prize story and Horne's prize poem.

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Cheyney, Pa.

# THE CRISIS

Vol. 30 No. 6 OCTOBER, 1925 Whole No. 180

## Opinion of W. E. B. Du Bois

*"Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God."*

### FIFTEEN

WITH this issue THE CRISIS finishes fifteen years of life and public service. We have fought battles of which we are proud, we have lifted ideals which still shine, we have faced criticism with unflinching courage.

Of most of this, Reader, you have approved. Of some of it you have not. But you and we know that, whatever these fifteen turbulent years have done and demanded, the next fifteen call to even greater sternness, sincerity and high emprise. Never have the American Negro, the darker races of men and the submerged of all mankind needed more absolutely a fearless defense, a trained knowledge of fact and an unswerving loyalty.

But this, Reader, will cost something and it will cost *you* something. Every war has its crippled, ruined and dead. Every battle, physical or moral, has its casualties. Whenever we win a fight like that at Fisk or chastise a fool or expose a scoundrel we lose in material prosperity as much or more than we gain in moral integrity. We may keep old friends but we gain new and vigorous enemies. We are victims often of malicious persecution. This is not peculiar to THE CRISIS; it is the fate of outspoken opinion anywhere and it explains the deference paid Evil in power and the venomous spite toward Virtue itself if it has no wealth or influence.

This, Reader, points your path. THE CRISIS needs friends. It needs backers and helpers. It neither has nor asks gifts or philanthropy, but it must have subscribers. It wants subscribers who pay their own subscriptions promptly and subscribers who pay for copies sent to others:

To persons who cannot afford to subscribe.

To persons who have not heard of THE CRISIS and its program.

To young folk who need to read.

To white folk who sympathize and do not realize.

To white folk who hate and hurt because of ignorance.

To officials in high place.

To foreigners.

To organizations.

To institutions, schools and libraries.

For this end we are starting a campaign of two months—November first to January first. We want in this period:

1. To renew all expiring and expired subscriptions.
2. To secure 10,000 new subscribers.
3. To have friends pledge and pay for 10,000 subscriptions to be sent to persons whom they name or whom we suggest.

Begin now. Send your own renewal. Secure three to five new sub-

scribers. Send us $3, $7.50 or $15.00 or $30.00 for 2, 5, 10, or 20 subscriptions to be sent to persons who need the kind of mental pabulum which THE CRISIS furnishes.

Will you not write us for particulars?

*"Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight!*
*Make me a child again, just for to-night!"*

### TWELVE

TWELVE years ago Augustus Granville Dill came to THE CRISIS as business manager. He was trained as a teacher and musician at Atlanta and Harvard. He left a permanent position and his beloved art to cast his lot with an experiment. It was a difcult position. He was asked to make a self-supporting and even paying business out of an enterprise whose object was not income but ideal. It sounded fine but ideals do not pay printers' bills and that many a poor publication knows. Mr. Dill was asked to bring order and business system out of careless agents and still more careless subscribers. He was asked to get advertisements from men who could expect no editorial puffs or cut rates. He must take criticism and abuse without reply.

All this he did. In twelve years he has collected and disbursed $561,046. He has made THE CRISIS self-supporting. He has paid our bills and collected our debts: last year with 800 agents in all corners of the world he collected 89 per cent of the money they owed us. He not only paid our CRISIS debts but when the BROWNIES' BOOK, of beautiful memory, parted, *he insisted on paying* $8,931.51 *out of his own pocket so that no person lose a cent!*

Blessed be the truth that back of all the worry and responsibility and wracking sense of utter duty,—out of the endless detail and harsh blame that wears this man there still sits high in his soul that eternal Music which Business cannot kill, that calm Beauty which figures will not destroy; and this those know who heard this summer the great organ of John Haynes Holmes' Community Church in New York City speak under Augustus Granville Dill's loving fingers.

*"I think that saving a little child*
*And bringing him to his own,*
*Is a derned sight better business*
*Than loafing around the throne."*

### ASHANTI

THE CRISIS prides itself modestly on some knowledge of Africa. But now and then when the editor nods the printer's devil does curious things. In our September number, for instance, there is a caption under an interesting picture which says "King Prempeh of Dahomey with Bishop Alleyne of the A. M. E. Zion Church in Nigeria, British West Africa". In the same short space we could scarcely have made more mistakes. King Prempeh is of Ashanti, not Dahomey; and Ashanti belongs to Great Britain and is not a part of Nigeria but of the Gold Coast. The land was probably seized in the 16th and 17th centuries by the tribes driven back before the empire building Mohammedan Negroes of the Sudan. The government was a military aristocracy and the great founder of the power of the Ashantis was Gsai Tutu in the early 18th century. The Ashantis came in contact with British power in the first quarter of the 19th century and in 1873-4 they were in open

THE CHILDREN OF AN ARTIST
William and Betty Farrow of Chicago

war. In 1888 Prince Prempeh came to the throne and went to war with England in 1895. The following year he was overwhelmed by tremendous British armament and was deposed and deported. Even after this the Ashantis rebelled in 1900 but the country was finally pacified and annexed to the British Empire in 1901. Finally, this year the deposed King was allowed to return to Ashanti. He is of course stripped of all power and carefully watched although treated with many outward marks of consideration by the British.

*"Wait, thou child of hope, for Time shall teach thee all things."*

### "CONTEMPTIBLE PUPPY"

THE President of Howard University has publicly denied calling Kelly Miller a "contemptible puppy". THE CRISIS is compelled therefore in the interests of truth to present the facts in the case. It has documentary evidence to support these facts.

In 1919 the Parents' League of Washington was fighting to oust Roscoe C. Bruce from his superintendency of the colored public schools. Its methods of attack caused wide difference of opinion and THE CRISIS criticised them. Kelly Miller as a citizen, parent of school children and tax payer, commented publicly on the situation and a delegation of colored ministers complained to President Durkee. On May 24, 1919, Miller was ordered from his class room to report immediately to the President's office. The president berated Miller so long and severely that finally Miller remarked that he would slap the face of any man who talked to him like that if Durkee were not protected by his official position. "Leave the room, you contemptible puppy!" yelled the President.

Friends of the two took up the matter and patched up a truce. Professor Miller withdrew his threat and the President withdrew his epithet and to both the incident was to be forgotten. Kelly Miller has kept his agreement to the letter but six years after President Durkee has publicly denied his part.

*"But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea."*

### LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

HAVE you noticed, brethren, that since the afflatus of post-war "science" and the great and *ex-cathedra* utterances of those mighty scientists, McDougall of Harvard and what-you-may-call-him of Princeton—that since all this flare up and proof of Negro "inferiority" by "intelligence" tests, there has dropped a significant silence? Truly the high schools and Chautauquas, the magazines and city editors are still presenting the triumphant results of the "Alpha" tests during the draft; but real scientists are going a bit slow. Why?

Well, here is one of the reasons: In Louisville, Kentucky, they have been testing school children. They had in expert psychologists and turned them loose on the children, white and black. And then? Well and then, silence; Silence!

A little bird whispered to the editor and he wrote a polite note to the Superintendent of Louisville City Schools asking for the published results of the "Intelligence" tests. Silence. Some of the local colored school teachers asked. Silence. The editor wrote again and even more politely, enclosing a stamp, and the reply came:

THE QUEEN OF THE CARNIVAL AND HER COURT OF HONOR, MATANZAS, CUBA

"I have your letter of July 17. We are constantly making tests in the Louisville schools but this information is not available to the public.

"Very truly yours,

(Signed) "B. W. HARTLEY
Superintendent."

What is wrong? Why all this heavy secrecy? Tell it not in Gath, but if the truth must be known, those damned tests went and came out wrong! In other words, instead of proving white children superior they actually proved—but no; we cannot write it; it's too awful.

But what difference does it make anyhow? Who needs psychology or evolution or anthropology or anything else to prove Nordic superiority? Doesn't everybody know it without proof? And if the new psychology in the hands of scientists, instead of army Bullards and academic idiots, eventually fails our McDougals, Grants and Stoddards, need they worry? There's plenty of "scientific" proof to come.

Meantime to Louisville in its misery we make the suggestion: Don't publish all the results, publish the parts you like best. Or better, wait and publish only those which come out *right!*

## "WHITE CARGO"

WHEN Leon Gordon's play, "White Cargo", opened in New York, anonymous persons sought to have the editor see it and suggest that it was a play we ought to oppose. Well, finally and at our leisure we have seen it and far from opposing it we are heartily and enthusiastically in favor of it. It is the story of a beautiful, ignorant, mulatto bastard and harlot whom the degenerate white men engaged in uplifting Africa have made their toy and plaything. As a picture of English civilization in the tropics it is quite unequalled. We hope it will play long and far. Its truth is startling and the reaction of the white audience is heroic. They applaud loud and wildly when the scoundrel, Witzel, pleads with the English boy to live with the mulatto girl without marrying her; and the homily of the drunken doctor on the sacredness of "white man's marriage" is about as delicious a piece of hypocrisy as we have witnessed. Let the play go on. If I were Lord Cromer himself I'd raise no finger against it. Of course it isn't pleasant entertainment for colored folk (although Tondeleyo is the most honest and genuine figure in the play), but it's fine for white folk and splendidly true. They need it.

*"And Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them.*

*"And said, Verily I say unto you, except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."*

## TO A BROWN CHILD

E. LUCIEN WAITHE

LITTLE brown feet that toss in air,
Double rosebuds on a stem,
Hard and scorching is the way
Like the road from Bethlehem
Leading to the requiem.

Little brown eyes so innocent,
Shining with a starry light,
Must life's lurid, hateful glare
Hurt them, dim their cheerful sight,
Take the day and give them night!

Little white soul within the brown
Fleshy case of innocence,
Must you warp and suffer long
Just for one small consequence,
All the work of Providence!

"SUNFLOWERS" WITH COLORED CHILDREN FEATURED AT THE CALIFORNIA BLOSSOM AND WILD FLOWER SHOW HELD IN SAN FRANCISCO RECENTLY

# THE LITTLE PAGE

By Effie Lee Newsome

## CALENDAR CHAT

I AM the month that lays bare the secrets of the trees. The late summer sun parches the leaves to dryness. The winds of early autumn bear them away, and there is nothing to hide the naked branches.

You may now see those nests that the birds hid with such care. You watched them all spring diving under this thick umbrella of leaves or into that cluster of vines, and wondered just what Brown Thrasher's nest in the honeysuckle arbor looked like, or in which fork of the tree Mother Robin had placed her basket, or upon what slender swinging high branch the exquisite oriole had fastened her dainty pouch.

But, behold, the autumn winds have laid bare all these secrets before us. There is the robin's nest in the apple tree, flat on a high bough, or there again another robin's cradle at the back of the lawn in a poplar fork. And heigh-ho, here is a little sparrow nest in the drying blackberry bush, imagine!

And now, by the way, you can see just how the trees are really shaped. See how sprawling catalpa is without its big protecting leaves, and note that pear trees' branches grow more upright than those of the kindly spreading apple tree.

And then looking down from the trees to the fields you will see silvery-white tufts of thistle floss held here and there among the wilted wild carrot sprigs, and you will find red pips on the wild roses. Yet how many new flowers there are to replace those that have died! There is the ironweed that I have long wished to call the "amethystia" because of its lovely purple color. And the name *ironweed* is so homely. Goldenrod and "amethystia", how lovely they make the autumn, this season of purple and gold and rich crimson flowers! And there are so many tiny golden or lemon yellow butterflies in great dreamy flocks, pausing above little pools, and wavering like the suns of autumn.

I, September, am proud to be one of Autumn's three children. For she seems to guide even the flight of the birds, though of course it is Jehovah who does this, but He lets it all take place when Autumn comes. Now it is that the noisy blackbirds fly through the air in crowds like waxwings swarming to the cherry trees in spring. The grackles or blackbirds are flying southward to chatter all winter in the rushes that are the lashes of those great shiny eyes, the lagoons of Florida.

---

## THE LOCUST

YOU know how Cinderella dropped
Her crystal slipper as she fled,
So Locust left his glass-clear frock
Here on the bough above my head.
He must have heard some Locust-clock
Chime out, "The summer time is dead".
Just yesterday the jolly fellow
Was making music on his cello!

---

## AUTUMN TINTS

MISS CHINESE VERMILION and gay Mr. Green
Once had a discussion, a real tragic scene.
She said that *her* color belonged on the trees,
And not Mr. Green's, in the fall, if you please.
The breeze bore the gossip abroad far and wide,

But which was the winner, the sun must decide.

### ASTERS

THE asters have come here
To camp on the wold.
They must be rich gypsies—
In purple and gold!

### NATURE AND SCHOOL DAYS

ONE living in the city can buy the knick-knacks for one's lunch box from various shops between home and the school, but how different it is when one lives in the country and attends a school far away from bright-windowed bakeries and fragrant candy stores!

What does one do in such cases? City Boy and City Girl are puzzled to imagine. I am going to tell them, for I know all about it.

I grew up in a college settlement that was three miles from town, and many of my childhood classmates would come to school through the woods. And what wonderful little surprises they were always bringing in their lunch baskets.

As school was just opening in September they would begin with bringing luscious Ben Davis apples that snapped back with solid "thunks" when sounded with the fingers. They would bring late in the month great golden pears to follow the season of Bartletts, and gather from the woods hawthorn berries of red and black varieties called "haws", and ripened by September sun to a faint sweetness.

Beechnuts, walnuts and hickory nuts would also be conveyed to school in baskets. But the beechnuts, of course, were only playthings. Boys and girls living near the grove would "shop" there all year round on the way to school, and what nice fresh natural food they failed to bring from home orchards they would collect here, where the chipmunks and squirrels did their marketing also.

### TO CRICKET

CRICKET, you're wise to steal away
To some house-nook for winter stay;
But don't step forth again in May
Dressed in your same dark rusty gray.

# KRIGWA

AWARD OF PRIZES

THE award of prizes in the Amy Spingarn Contest in Literature and Art is as follows:

*STORIES*

Judges—H. G. Wells, Sinclair Lewis, Charles W. Chesnutt, Mary White Ovington.

First Prize—$100, "High Yaller", by "John Chauncey Brown" (Pseudonym), Rudolph Fisher, M. D., Freedmen's Hospital, Washington, D. C.

Second Prize—$50, "There Never Fell A Night So Dark," by "Jean France" (Pseudonym), Mrs. Marie French, 518 North Pine Street, Colorado Springs, Colorado.

Third Prize—$20, "Three Dogs and a Rabbit," by "Elizabeth Stokes" (Pseudonym), Mrs. Anita Scott Coleman, Box 252, Silver City, New Mexico.

*ESSAYS*

Judges—Edward Bok, J. E. Spingarn, Benjamin Brawley.

First Prize—$50, "On Being Young—A Woman—and Colored," by "Jean Talbot" (Pseudonym), Miss Marietta O. Bonner, 7 Dennison Street, Roxbury, Massachusetts.

Second Prize—$30, "The Fascination of Cities," by "Raif Dickerson" (Pseudonym), Langston Hughes, 1816 Twelfth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Third Prize—10, "Salvation," by "Anthropos" (Pseudonym), G. A. Stewart, 222 North 21st St., Columbus, Ohio.

*PLAYS*

Judges—Eugene O'Neill, Charles Burroughs, Lester A. Walton.

First Prize—$75, "The Broken Banjo," by Willis Richardson, 2023 Thirteenth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Second Prize—$40, "The Church Fight," by "Auntie" (Pseudonym), Ruth Ada Gaines Shelton, 1523 Good Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri.

Third Prize—$10, "For Unborn Children," Miss Myrtle Athleen Smith, 615 Sixth Street, Greeley, Colorado.

*POEMS*

Judges—William Stanley Braithwaite, Robert Morss Lovett, Leslie Pinckney Hill.

First Prize—$50, "Two Moods of Love," by "Timothy Tumble" (Pseudonym), Countée Cullen, 2190 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Second Prize—$30, "Letters Found Near A Suicide," by "Xavier I" (Pseudonym), Frank Horne, 351 Lenox Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Third Prize—$10, "Poems," by "Ralph Anson" and "Jerry Biera" (Pseudonym), Langston Hughes, 1816 Twelfth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

*ILLUSTRATIONS*

Judges—Walter Jack Duncan, H. Glintenkamp, Winold Reiss.

First Prize—$75, "Outis" (Pseudonym), E. A. Harleston, 118 Calhoun Street, Charleston, South Carolina.

Second Prize—$40, Albert Smith, care American Express Company, 11 Rue Scribe, Paris, France.

Third Prize—$10, H. A. Woodruff, Suite 314, 46 North Penn Street, Indianapolis, Indiana.

The initial sifting of the manuscripts and selection of those of merit was done by the editors of THE CRISIS with the inestimable co-operation of Mary White Ovington, Jean Toomer, Lester Walton, Emmett J. Scott, Jr., Edwin Morgan and Yolande DuBois.

OTHER CONTESTANTS

BESIDE the three prize stories there are seven others of sufficient merit for THE CRISIS to publish during the next year. Among these are:

"The Third and Fourth Generations" by Lucille Francis.

"Immolation" by "Albert Gold" (Pseudonym), Mrs. C. F. Cook, Washington.

"Swamp Judgment" by N. B. Young, Jr., St. Louis, Mo.

"The Blue Awning" by Jean A. Stewart, Columbus, Ohio.

"Preacher" by "Le Triste" (Pseudonym).

"The Hedge" by Olive Green

"The Parafine Cover" by Adele Brigham.

Among the essays are four which we shall publish:

"Dunbar, the Poet" by Amy Williams.

"Remarks Upon Three Things as They Are" by Mrs. Anita Scott Coleman, Silver City, New Mexico.

"The Coming of the Black Modernist" by Cassius Van Dyke.

"The Psychology of the Garvey Movement" by "Mbombu" (Pseudonym), E. Franklin Frazier, Atlanta, Georgia.

Among the poems we shall publish:

"A Sketch of Lenox Avenue" by "She" (Pseudonym) and others by Grace P. White and Martin W. Hawkins.

We shall also use a cover contributed by Laura Wheeler.

WORDS OF THE JUDGES

OUR judges have expressed gratification at the high character of the work submitted to them in THE CRISIS Art contest. Of the stories, H. G. Wells, perhaps the foremost novelist of the world, writes: "'High Yaller' is first-class work. I congratulate Mr. Brown [Pseudonym for Rudolph Fisher] on a good, clear, effective story. He will go far. I put 'Three Dogs and a Rabbit' second on the list. Congratulations to Miss Stokes [Pseudonym for Mrs. Anita Scott Coleman]."

Sinclair Lewis, the most popular contemporary American novelist, adds: "Of these stories, it seems both to me and my wife that 'High Yaller' is incomparably the best, and we have read them all with great care."

Charles W. Chesnutt, our own laureate, says: "'High Yaller', the most ambitious of the four stories, is very well written. Of course an editor reading it with a view to publication could make certain suggestions as to the language and figures of speech here and there. The plot is well worked out, with a heroine and a hero and a villain, and its atmosphere may be a correct reflection of Negro life in Harlem, with which I am not very familiar. But to me at least the theme is not convincing. . . .

"'There Never Fell a Night So Dark' is in my opinion the best of the lot. The theme is human. It is a simple sketch, though with some elements of improbability in the plot. . . .

"If I were grading the stories I should

C. B. Ford, Jr.
Peoria, Ill.

Rose V. Parks
Terre Haute, Ind.

L. F. Palmer, Jr.
Newport News, Va.

Lillian Dice
Bloomington, Ill.

Esther Beatty
Cairo, Ill.

Charles R. Meek
Springfield, Ill.

Doris Hutchins
Gary, Ind.

Mary E. Driver
Gloucester, Va.

Charles Gilmer
Milwaukee, Wis.

Gertrude White
Orange, N. J.

Chester Johnson
Altadena, Calif.

John R. Dorsey
Pittsburgh, Pa.

E. Elizabeth Lambert
New Haven, Conn.

Pauline P. Edwards
Kansas City, Mo.

Aurelia Walton
Detroit, Mich.

Consuelo VanVactor
Cairo, Ill.

make 'There Never Fell a Night So Dark' No. 1, 'High Yaller' No. 2, 'Three Dogs and a Rabbit' No. 3, and 'Easy Pickin's' No. 4."

Of the essays Joel E. Spingarn, whom most colored people know as a friend and most white people as a keen student of literary criticism, writes: "Only one of the essays you sent me is an essay in the conventional sense, and that is very conventional indeed. All the others are 'sketches', and all of them are so full of promise that it is very difficult to place them in any formal order of merit. But I like 'On Being Young, a Woman, and Colored' best. The mood of being young in an old world, a woman in a man's world, and colored in a white world is all there—and back of the mood, vistas and vistas. Then I place 'Salvation', if only because the vivid yet clipped and staccato sentences of 'The Fascination of Cities' are at times artificial and trying. But all three are good. They are charged with feeling, personal feeling rooted in race feeling, and the sense of a personal wound is never absent. Personal wounds are an advantage to the artist, I often think—if he can transcend them, that is, make of them a ladder and not a burden., or (to use the jargon of aesthetics) if his practical personality is sublimated into an artistic personality. To the thinker a personal wound can never be a ladder, but only a burden of which he must divest himself or cease to be a thinker. To make a personal grievance eloquent, that will suffice for orator, reformer. prophet, agitator, literary man and religious teacher; but to the artist that is not enough, and to the thinker that is nothing at all. I see everywhere the artist in the American Negro rising to find expression, and I have faith that the thinker too will find his universal thought."

Edward Bok, former editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, writes: "I have been very much impressed with the equal merit of these contributions. There is some excellent writing in them."

The judges of poetry were headed by William Stanley Braithwaite, who writes: "I read the poems yesterday and report the following selections in the order given. That is, I am naming what seems to me the four best poems. They are: first, 'If Love Be Staunch'; second, 'Lament'; third, 'Cross'; fourth, 'To "Chick" '. I have not taken 'Three Moods of Love' as one poem. 'Lament' is very nearly as good as 'If Love Be Staunch', but in two lines the writer makes one slur the accent, and this gives a slight tarnish to the imagery.

"As a disinterested arbiter I could only make my selection on the basis of actual achievement, an important part in which is the adequacy of form; but I do want to speak an appreciative word for 'A Sketch of Lenox Avenue, New York', by 'She'. Whoever this writer is, she has the ore of poetry in her, and it only needs the refining process of technical command to achieve a notable visionary expression. There's power there and a keen assemblage of values."

Robert Morss Lovett, of the *New Republic*, says: "I am glad to have had the opportunity of reading them."

On the plays we quote only the Master, Eugene O'Neill: "I am glad to hear that the judges all agreed on 'The Broken Banjo' and that the play was so successfully staged. Willis Richardson should certainly continue working in this field."

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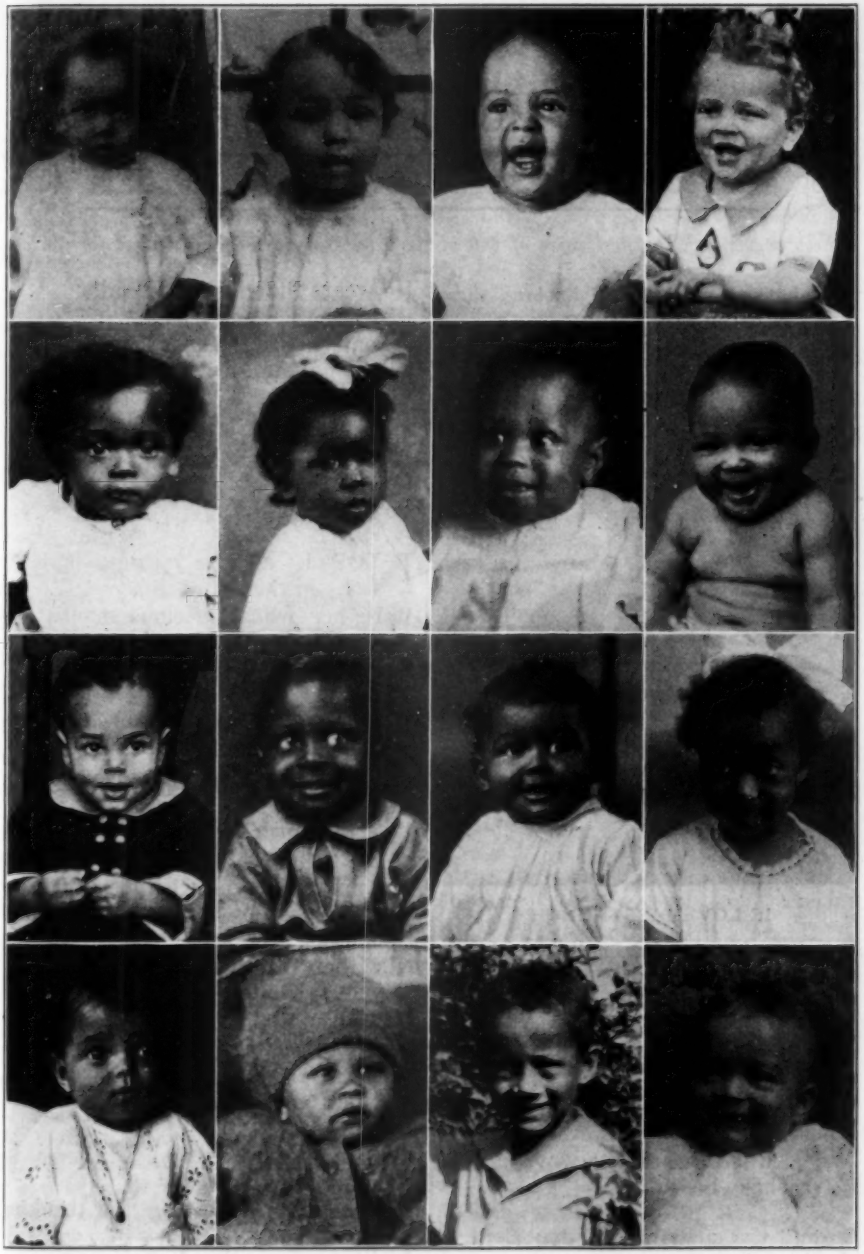
AND finally of the five hundred and ninety-nine who tried and received neither word nor prize; we are going to write each one of you and tell you what we think of your effort and what Krigwa advises and how the advice may best be followed.

And in 1926: another $600 in prizes!

## YOUNG BRIDE

LANGSTON HUGHES

THEY say she died,—
Although I do not know,
They say she died of grief
And in the earth-dark arms of Death
Sought calm relief,
And rest from pain of Love
In loveless sleep.



Willie Mae Jones
Cairo, Ill.

Marjorie Bolten
Jefferson City, Mo.

Johnson Lee Toney
North Kenova, O.

Russell Lee Davis
Cleveland, O.

Alfred Williams
Bloomington, Ill.

Margaret Nathan
Bloomington, Ill.

Elmer McDougal
Gary, Ind.

Mary Geraldine Duffield
Johnson City, Tenn.

Walter Alexander, Jr.
Orange, N. J.

Vernal Arnold
Chickasha, Okla.

Barbra Ann Baker
W. Palm Beach, Fla.

Alma D. Reed
Jefferson City, Mo.

Daisie Lock
Kansas City, Kans.

Rudolph Emmons
Gary, Indiana

Richard Branch, Jr.
Bayonne, N. J.

William C. Matney, Jr.
Bluefield, W. Va.

# TWO MOODS OF LOVE

COUNTÉE CULLEN

*These poems won the first prize of $50 in the Amy Spingarn Prize contest for 1925.*

### IF LOVE BE STAUNCH

IF love be staunch, call mountains
brittle;
Love is a thing will live
So long, my dear,—Oh, just the little
While water stays in a sieve.

Yea, love is deathless as the day
Whose death the stars reveal;
And love is loyal all the way,
If treachery be leal.

Beyond the shadow of a doubt,
No thing is sweet as love,
But, oh, the bitterness spewed out
Of the heart at the end thereof!

Beyond all cavil or complaint,
Love is a clever chap;
He wears the visage of a saint
Beneath the devil's cap.
Whom yesterday love rhymed his sun
Today he names a star;
When the course of another day is
run,
What will he say you are?

### LAMENT

NOW let all lovely things embark
Upon the sea of mist
With her whose luscious mouth the
dark,
Grim troubadour had kissed.

The silver clock that ticked away
Her days and never knew
Its beats were swordthrusts to the
clay
That too much beauty slew.

The pillow favored with her tears,
And hallowed by her head;
I shall not even keep my fears,
Now their concern is dead.

But where shall I bury sun and rain,
How mortalise the stars,
How still the half-heard cries of pain
That seared her soul with scars?

In what sea depths shall all the seeds
Of every flower die?
Where shall I scatter the broken
reeds,
And how erase the sky?

And where shall I find a hole so deep
No troubled ghost may rise?
There will I put my heart to sleep
Wanting her face and eyes.

# "HIGH YALLER"

## A Story

RUDOLPH FISHER

*This story won the first prize of $100 for fiction in the Amy Spingarn Prize Contest for 1925. The story is in five parts. Parts one and two appear this month and the other parts in the November number.*

DR. RUDOLPH FISHER

*Rudolph Fisher, M. D., of Washington, D. C., is an interne in the Freedmen's Hospital. He was born in Washington, May 9, 1897, educated in the public schools of New York and Providence, Rhode Island, and at Brown University where he took his A.B. and A. M. together with membership in the Phi Beta Kappa, Delta Sigma Rho and the Sigma Xi. He studied medicine at Howard. He was married in 1924 and has published stories in the Atlantic Monthly and elsewhere.*

I

THE timekeeper's venomous whistle killed the ball in its flight, halfway to the basket. There was a triumphant bedlam. From the walls of Manhattan Casino impatient multitudes swarmed on to the immense floor, congratulating, consoling, gibing; pouring endlessly from the surrounding terrace, like long restrained torrents at last transcending a dam; sweeping tumultuously in from all sides, till the dance floor sank beneath a sounding flood of dark-skinned people, submerged to its furthest corners save the distant platform that gave the orchestra refuge, like a raft. A sudden blare of music cut the uproar. The turbulence gradually ordered itself into dense, crawling currents, sluggish as jammed traffic, while the din of voices at length reluctantly surrendered to the rhythmic swish-swash of shuffling feet.

Looking down from a balcony on that dark mass of heads, close together as buckshot, Evelyn Brown wondered how they all managed to enjoy it. Why must they always follow a basket-ball game with a dance?—the one pleasurable enough, the other mob-torture, she knew.

"Game?" challenged MacLoed.

She couldn't refuse her escort, of course. "If you are."

They descended and struck out like swimmers in the sea. MacLoed surrounded her as closely as a lifesaver. She knew that he had to, but she hated it—this mere hugging to music, this acute consciousness of her partner's body. The air was vile—hot, full of breath and choking perfume. You were forever avoiding, colliding, marking time on the same spot. So insulating was the crush that you might sway for several minutes near a familiar couple, even recognize their voices, yet catch only the merest glimpse of their vanishing faces.

Something of the sort was happening now. Evelyn heard someone say her name, and the mordant intonation with the succeeding spiteful snatch-phrases made her forget the physical unpleasantness of the moment.

"Evelyn Brown?—Hmph!—got yellow fever—I know better—color struck, I tell you—girls she goes around with—all lily whites—even the fellows—Mac to-day—pass for white anywhere—Jeff, Rickmond, Stanley Hall, all of 'em—You? Shoot! You don't count—you're crazy 'bout high yallers anyhow."

The words were engulfed. Evelyn had not needed to look. Mayme Jackson's voice was unmistakable.

The dance number ended on an unresolved, interrogative chord that set off an explosion of applause. Jay Martin, who

had just been defending Evelyn against Mayme's charge, spied the former's fluff of fair hair through several intervening thicknesses of straight and straightened black, and, dragging Mayme by the arm, he made for the other couple.

"Now say what you said about Evelyn!" he dared Mayme, mock-maliciously, quite unaware that Evelyn already knew.

"Sweetest old thing in the world," came Mayme's tranquil purr.

"Rake in the chips," gasped Jay. "Your pot." He addressed Evelyn. "How about the next wrestle?"

There was a ready exchange of partners. The orchestra struck up an air from a popular Negro comedy: "Yaller Gal's Gone Out o' Style". Soon the two couples were urged apart in increasingly divergent currents.

"Black sea," commented Jay.

But Evelyn was thoughtful. "Jay?"

"Nobody else."

"I heard what Mayme said."

"You did? Aw, heck—don't pay any attention to that kid. She's a nut."

"I'm not so sure she isn't right, Jay."

"Right? About what?"

"I've been thinking over my best friends. They're practically all 'passing' fair. Any one of them could pass—for a foreigner, anyway."

"Me, for instance," he grinned. "Prince Woogy-boogy of Abyssinia."

"I'm afraid you prove the rule."

He was serious. "Well, what of it?"

"Oh, I don't mean I've done it intentionally. I never realized it till just now. But, just as Mayme says, it looks bad."

"Hang what Mayme says. She's kind o' gone on yaller men, herself. See the way she melted into Mac's shirtfront? Hung round his neck like a chest-protector. Didn't drape herself over *me* that way."

"Jay! You're as bad as she is."

"That's what she said."

"What do you mean?"

"Claims I fall only for pinks."

"Oh. I didn't mean that."

"Neither did she. Point is, there aren't any more dark girls. Skin bleach and rouge have wiped out the strain. The blacks have turned sealskin, the sealskins are high-brown, the high-browns are all yaller, and the yallers are pink. How's a bird going to fall for what ain't?"

They jazzed on a while in noisy silence. Evelyn's tone was surprisingly bitter when at last she spoke again:

"I wish I looked like Mayme." Astonished, Jay stared at her as she went on: "A washerwoman can make half a million dollars turning dark skins light. Why doesn't someone learn how to turn light skins dark?"

And now, in addition to staring, he saw her: the averted blue eyes, the fine lips about to quiver, the delicate, high-bridged nose, the white cheeks, colorless save for the faintest touch, the incredible tawny, yellow-flecked, scintillant hair,—an almost crystalline creature, as odd in this dark company as a single sapphire in jet. He was quick to comprehend. "I know a corner—let's sit out the rest," he suggested.

When they achieved their place in a far end of the terrace, the orchestra was outdoing itself in the encore. One of its members sang through a megaphone in a smoky, halt-talking voice:

*"Oh Miss Pink thought she knew her stuff,*
*But Miss High Brown has called her bluff."*

When the encore ended, the dancers demanded yet another. The rasp of syncopation and the ceaseless stridor of soles mingled, rose about the two refugees, seeming to wall them in, so that presently they felt alone together.

"Jay, can you imagine what it's like to be colored and look white?"

He tried to be trivial. "Very convenient at times, I should think."

"But oftener unbearable. That song—imagine—everyone looking at you—laughing at you. And Mayme Jackson—'yellow fever'! Can I help it?—Jeff—Rickmond—Stanley Hall—yes, they're light. But what can I do? I like the others. I'd be glad to go places with them. But they positively avoid me."

"I don't, Ev."

"No, you don't, Jay." But her bitterness recaptured her. "Oh, I've heard them talking: 'There goes Evelyn Brown—queen of the lily-whites—nothing brown about her but her name'!" A swiftly matured determination rendered her suddenly so grim that it seemed, fragile as she was, something about her must break. "Jay, no one's going to accuse me of jim-crowing again!"

"Shucks. What do you care as long as you don't mean to?"

"I'm not only not going to mean to. I'm not going to. I'm going to see to it that I don't."

"What the deuce—by cutting your gang?"

"No. By cultivating the others."

"Oh."

"Jay—will you help me?"

"Help you? Sure. How?"

"Come to see me oftener."

"Good night! Don't you see enough of me at the office every day?"

"Come oftener. Take me places when you're not too broke. Rush me!"

He grinned as he perceived her purpose. "Doggone good stunt!" he said slowly, with increasingly enthusiastic approval. "Blessed if I wouldn't like to see you put it over, Ev. It'll show Mayme something, anyhow."

"It'll show me something, too."

"You? What?"

She was about to answer when a sharp, indecent epithet rent the wall of noise that had until then isolated them. Looking involuntarily up, Jay saw two youngsters, quarreling vituperatively. They were too close to be ignored, and, since dancing was at its height, no one else was about.

"Excuse me a second," he said, rising before Evelyn could protest. The pair were but a few feet away. The evident aggressor was a hard-looking little black youth of indefinite age,—perhaps sixteen actual years, plus the accumulated bonus of worldly wisdom which New York pays its children. He grew worse, word by word. Approaching, Jay spoke sharply, in a low voice so that Evelyn might not hear:

"Cut out that gutter-talk, boy!"

"Aw, go to hell!"

Jay stopped, less amazed than aggravated. He knew his Harlem adolescent, but he was not quite sure what to do with it. Meanwhile he was being advised: "This is a horse-race, big boy. No jackasses allowed!"

He seized the lad firmly by the shoulder and said, "Son, if you don't cover that garbage-trap of yours——" but the boy flung away and defied him in a phrase both loud and ugly. Thoroughly angered, Jay clapped one hand over the offending mouth and, catching the youngster around the waist with the other, forcibly propelled him through a tangle of empty, spindle-legged chairs to a place where two big policemen, one black and one red, were complacently watching the dancers. Here he released him with "Now—talk."

The boy scowled with wrath and impotence. So outraged in the street, he would have found a stone to throw. Now only a retaliative speech was left him, and the nearness of the law attenuated even that:

"Aw 'ight! Showin' off before 'at ole 'fay gal, huh? Aw 'ight, y' pink-chaser. Ah'm goan put y' both in." And he sidled darkly off, pulling at his disadjusted collar.

Evelyn, out of earshot, followed it all with her eyes. "Mac wouldn't have done that," she mused as she saw Jay turn from the boy and start back toward her. "Mac would have pretended he didn't hear." And before Jay reached her, she had decided something: "I certainly like Jay Martin. He's so—white."

## II.

Over One Hundred and Thirty-fourth Street's sidewalks between Fifth and Lenox Avenues Jay Martin's roller-skates had rattled and whirred in the days when that was the northern boundary of Negro Harlem. He had grown as the colony grew, and now he could just recall the time when his father, a pioneer preacher, had been forever warning him never to cross Lenox Avenue and never to go beyond One Hundred and Thirty-fifth Street; a time when no Negroes lived on or near Seventh Avenue and when it would have been almost suicidal for one to appear unarmed on Irish Eighth.

School had been a succession of fist-fights with white boys who called him nigger, until, when he reached the upper grades, the colored boys began to outnumber the white; from that time until high school, pitched battles superseded individual contests, and he ran home bruised less often. His high school record had been good, and his father, anxious to make a physician of him, had sent him on to college. At the end of his third year, however, the looming draft menace, combined with the chance of a commission in the army, had urged him into a training camp at Des Moines.

He had gone to France as a lieutenant. When he returned, unharmed, he found his father fatally ill and his mother helpless. Further study out of the question, he had taken his opportunity with a Negro real estate firm, and for five years now he had

been actively concerned in black Harlem's extension, the spread whose beginnings his earlier years had witnessed.

About Evelyn, of course, there had been hypothesis:

"Looks mighty funny to me when a woman Jennie Brown's color has a yaller-headed young one white as Evelyn."

"Daddy was white, so I understan'."

"Huh. An' her mammy, too, mos' likely. 'At's de way dese rich white folks do. Comes a wile oat dey doan want, dey ups an' gives it to one de servants—to adopt."

"Oh, I dunno. How come she couldn't been married to some white man 'nuther? Dey's plenty sich, right hyeh in Harlem."

"Plenty whut? Plenty common law, maybe. You know d' ain' no se'f-respectin' white man gonna——"

"Well, doan make no diff'nce. Cain' none of us go but so fur back in our fam'ly hist'ry 'fo we stops. An' doan nobody have t' ask us why we stops. We jes' stops. Evelyn's a good girl. Smart—works regular an' makes mo' out o' dem real estate niggers 'n she'd ever make in Miss Ann's kitchen. Bad 's her mother's asthma's gittin', no tellin' whut they'd do if 'twasn't f' Evelyn's job an' dem two women lodgers."

"Oh, I ain' sayin' nuthin' 'gins 'em. Only seem like to me—dey's a white man in de woodpile somewha'."

Her own singularity had become conscious early in Evelyn's life. There crept often into her mind of late an old, persistent recollection. She and Sookie Johnson, seven-year-old playmates, had been playing jacks on the front stoop. There arose a dispute as to whose turn it was. Sookie owned the ball and Evelyn the jacks; neither would surrender her possession to the other, and the game was deadlocked. Whereupon, the spiteful Sookie had resorted to abuse:

"Y' ole yaller thing, you! My mother say y' cain't 'speck nuthin' f'm yaller niggers nohow!"

Evelyn had thrown the jacks into Sookie's face and run heartbroken to her mother. Why didn't she have kinky hair and dark brown skin like Sookie's? "Why, honey, you're beautiful," her mother had comforted her. "Folks 'll call you names long as you live. They're just jealous, that's all."

Thus fortified, Evelyn had come to maturity, finding her mother's prophecy ever and again true. "They're just jealous" was but a fortification, however; within it Evelyn's spirit was still vulnerable, and she knew that under constant fire this stronghold could not stand forever. Mayme Jackson's thrust-in-the-back culminated what Sookie's sneer had begun. Evelyn felt her mother's defence crumbling rapidly and alarmingly, and her appeal to Jay Martin was a rather desperate effort to establish a defence of her own.

They sat now in the front room of her flat; a room too full of mock-mahogany furniture about to collapse; a room with gas light and a tacked-down carpet, with flower-figured wall-paper and a marble-topped walnut table in one corner, bearing a big brown morocco-bound Bible.

"Jay, will you?"

"Rememer the time I pulled your hair in Sunday-School?"

"I'm going to pull your ears if you don't answer me!"

"Did you say something?"

"You make me tired."

"Aw, for Pete's sake, Ev, I can't take you to that dump."

"Have the last two weeks frozen your nerve?"

"No—but——"

"Well, this isn't like the others, you know. This is a colored place."

"But why go there? Let's go to Broadway's or Happy's."

"No. I want to see something new. Why isn't Hank's decent, anyway? It can't be any worse than the Hole in the Wall."

"Much worse. Regular rat-trap. No gentleman would take a lady——"

"You flatter us. Let's don't be a gentleman and lady tonight. I want to see the rat-trap."

"Why, Ev, the place was raided only last week!"

"You can't scare me that way. If it was it'll be all the safer this week."

"Lord! You girls know it all."

"I don't know anything about Hank's."

"But I'm trying to tell you——"

"Seeing is believing."

"There's nothing to see."

She introduced strategy. "All right. I guess Mac won't be so hard to persuade."

"Ev—please—for Pete's sake don't let anybody take you to that——"

"Jay, I'd really hate to have to go with anybody but you." He was growing helpless. "Just the tiniest peep into the place, Jay. We won't stay—cross my liver."

"Your mother wouldn't like it."

"Come here." She led him by the arm down the long hallway to the dining-room, where her mother was sewing.

"You may go any place you please, if you go with Jay," smiled Mrs. Brown.

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Hank's, at first glance, presented nothing unique: a sedate old house in an elderly row of houses with high entrances, several steps above the sidewalk; houses that had once been private, but now, trapped in an extending matrix of business, stoically accepted their fates as real estate offices, printing shops and law rooms. Here and there a card peeped around the corner of a window and whispered, "Rooms"; but not the most suspicious eye would have associated those timid invitations with the bold vertical electric sign projecting over the doorway of the one lighted building in the row. Great letters, one above another, blazed the word "Café"; smaller horizontal ones across the top read "Hank's", and others across the bottom "Cabaret".

"This doesn't look so bad," commented Evelyn as they approached. "Police station right in the same block."

"Yes—convenient."

Several men stood about on the sidewalk, smoking and talking. One of these, a white man, looked sharply at Jay and Evelyn as they mounted the steps and entered.

"Why, this is like any restaurant," said Evelyn. "Just a lot of tables and folks eating."

"Only a blind," explained Jay. "The real thing is downstairs."

A dinner-coated attendant came toward them. "I'm sorry. Everything's gone in the cabaret. Would you care to wait a few minutes?"

Jay, eager for an excuse to flee, looked at Evelyn; but the blue eyes said, "Please," and he nodded. "Very well."

"This way, then."

They were led up a narrow flight of padded stairs, along a carpeted hallway with several mysterious closed doors on either side, and finally into a little room near the end. Against one wall of the room was a table with two chairs, and against the opposite a flat couch with two or three cushions. Curtains draped the one window, facing the door. The table was bare except for a small lamp with a parchment shade of orange and black, yielding a warm, dim light.

"M—m!" exclaimed Evelyn. "Cozy!"

"We can serve you here if you like," suggested the attendant.

"No, thanks," Jay answered quickly. "We'll wait."

The attendant seemed to hesitate a moment. Then, "All right," he said. "I'll let you know as soon as there's space in the cabaret." He went out and closed the door.

Evelyn was alive with interest. "Spiffy, isn't it?" She sat down on one of the chairs and looked about. "Couldn't get lost, could you?"

Jay thoughtfully took the other chair.

"You might," he said absently.

"What are you talking about? Goodness, what a lot of fun you're having!"

"I don't like this, that's a fact."

"What's wrong?"

Jay looked and noted that the door locked from within. He went over to the window, pulled the shade aside a crack, and made out the skeleton of a fire-escape in the darkness outside.

"Oh, nothing", he said, returning to his seat. "Not a thing."

"Heavens, you give me the shivers! What is it?"

He was not eager to answer. "I'm not sure but—I believe—that bird thinks you're ofay."

"White? What difference would that make?"

"Well, I'll tell you, Ev. This place, like some you already know about, has a mixed patronage, see? Part jigs, part ofays. That's perfectly all right as long as the jigs keep to their own parties and the ofays to theirs. But as soon as they begin to come mixed, trouble starts. The colored men don't like to see white men with colored women and the white men don't like to see colored men with white women. So the management avoids it. I don't believe that house-man was telling the truth when he said there was no room in the cabaret. It's too early in the evening and it's not a busy night. Fact is, the place is probably half full of ofays, and he figured that if we

went down there together some drunk would get fly and I'd bounce him on the nose and right away there'd be a hullabaloo. So he took a chance that maybe we were more interested in each other than in the cabaret anyhow, and sidetracked us off up here."

"But he said he'd let us know—"

"Of course. He thought we'd be tickled silly to be in one of these rooms alone; but after I refused to be served up here, what else could he say? I don't think he has any more idea of coming back than Jack Johnson."

"Then what does he expect you to do?"

"Get tired waiting and beat it."

"Oh." A depressed silence. Then a tragic diminuendo: "Lord, what a misfit I am!"

He was contrite at once. "I'm a bum. I shouldn't have told you. I don't know—maybe I'm wrong. We're here, so let's wait awhile and see."

"Jay, if only I were one thing or the other! You can't imagine—"

He absolutely could not answer. From somewhere below a thin strain drifted to their ears, like a snicker: "Yaller Gal's Gone Out o' Style".

Jay rose. "Let's breeze. That shine isn't coming back."

"All right. I'm sorry to be such a nuisance."

"You're not the nuisance. It's—folks."

They went down the soft-carpeted hallway. Strange, low sounds behind the closed doors seemed to hush apprehensively as they approached and revive after they passed. Once a shrill laugh was abruptly cut off as if by a stifling hand. There was a thick atmosphere of suppression, a sense of unspoken fears and half-drawn breaths and whispers.

As they reached the head of the padded stairs they saw someone hurrying up and drew aside to let him pass. It was a youth in a white coat, bent on some errand. He looked at them as he went by. They resumed their course and proceeded down the stairs; but the boy halted in his, and turned to look again. Immediately, he left off his errand, and waiting until he heard the front door close behind them, retraversed the staircase. A minute later he was on the sidewalk talking in an undertone to the white man who had so sharply observed Evelyn and Jay when they entered, and who now stood smoking still, following their departure with his eyes.

"Ah know 'at sucker", scowled the little black youth. "Collects rents f' Hale an' Barker. See 'at 'fay wid 'im? Seen 'im pick 'uh up pre' near two weeks ago at Manhattan Casino."

The white man puffed a minute, while the boy looked up at him, side-long, expectant. "Hale and Barker, huh?—Hmph! All right, Shorty. I'll keep my eye on 'im. If you're on, I'll fix y' up as usual."

"'At's the time papa." And the boy too stood eyeing the disappearing pair, an imp of malice and satisfaction.

(To be concluded in the November CRISIS)

MISSOURI NEGRO INDUSTRIAL COMMISSION

# National Association for the Advancement of Colored People

## SCIENCE, PSEUDO-SCIENCE AND THE RACE QUESTION

**An Address Delivered by Herbert Adolphus Miller, Professor of Sociology, Ohio State University, Before the Sixteenth Annual Conference of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, June, 1925**

I FINISHED reading Sinclair Lewis' recent novel, Arrowsmith, just before going to bed. I had been much absorbed by the conflicting situation in which the hero, who was striving to be a real scientist, seemed, by that very fact, to be driven to be an abnormal human being. I woke up in the middle of the night after a vivid dream which ended with the idea that "there are some problems in the world that are insoluble".

### SCIENCE AND ART

In respect to the issues of this paper I am impressed by the inevitability of a similar conclusion. Arrowsmith finds those who *practice* the art of medicine ridiculous, and the reader finds that those who are devoted to the science of *medicine* are impossible, and a reconciliation between the two seems to be out of the question. However much science may be involved in the race question, nevertheless there is running through it the recurrent practical question of how men may live together, and the answer to that is given by art not by science.

"East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet" is a figure of speech apropos of the race question, but science and art are inherently unable to meet, and yet more and more art demands that science shall clarify its material and make possible short cuts to practical results.

The world in which we now live is in a dilemma with respect to the race question. We must keep on living while our knowledge is limited, and sometimes the way to live is better understood by the simple than by the scientific. It is well for us to remember the advice which Dr. Osler, the famous teacher in the Johns Hopkins Medical School, used to give to young doctors. He said that in their early rural practice they would sometimes find old women gathered around the patient with various curative preparations which they had made. The young doctor, to show his scientific assurance, should throw all these herb teas out of the window, but first he should smell them, for it often might be that the very drugs needed for the case would have been selected by the folk experience of these simple old women.

In the same way scientists in dealing with the race question may well learn from children and plain people who know folks rather than races, and who do not know that their relations are complicated problems.

### SCIENCE AND RACE

Nevertheless the race question has assumed such stupendous proportions in the world at large, and attitudes have become so stereotyped, that science must be called in to separate fact from delusion. This is not an easy task in a field that comprehends the whole range of human relations, and it makes for confusion turning science into pseudo-science.

It is often forgotten that each science artificially limits the field of its attention, so that science can never be substituted for reality which has no such limitations, but the scientist is always tending to overlook the fact that the scope of his interests are narrow, and that his view of the universe is necessarily partial and distorted by his emphasis. As I understand the theory of relativity it is based on the principle that the most objective of facts are relative to the observer of them. This being the case, the effort to explain the universe from a single point of view which is called particularism is very misleading.

Another popular tendency is to transfer emotional adherence from religion to science, and then to become as orthodox and dogmatic as the most fundamentalist of religions. The scientist may be both bigoted and intolerant. There is this difference from religion, however, that the scientific method prevents staying long at one place, so that while scientists may be petty and

narrow their total ultimate result is enlarging and constructive.

The physical sciences have been surer of their ground than the social sciences, which are now making vigorous demands for consideration in dealing with the race question. The social sciences which at first were largely dealing with social practice are now classifying and describing as abstractly and unemotionally as the physical sciences. They are striving to give up the use of exhortation which is an idea of practical life and concern themselves with discovering the laws of the processes.

We shall now consider some of the particular contributions and false leads of science as it now stands with regard to the race question.

## BIOLOGY AND RACE

Since human beings are animals the biological sciences have assumed the most responsibility in dealing with matters of race. They have done this the more naturally because of the relation to evolution which seeks to place man in his proper relation in the universe. Its basis is found in the laws of heredity which throw a flood of light on what previously had supernatural explanation. But the trouble is that these laws of heredity which throw a flood of light organisms whose counterparts in the human organism were evolved long before any of the present racial differentiation took place, so that, while they throw much light on heredity, it is pseudo-scientific to apply them to racial explanations. Thus the expert on the coloration of bugs who applies his principles to explaining the inferiority of Japanese whom he does not like is a pseudo-scientist.

From the time of Herbert Spencer until the present there has been a tendency to make social and biological evolution parallel, concluding that a low culture means a low stage of biological development. This is one of the most simple and enticing forms of pseudo-science. There is unquestionably a relation between capacity and development, but it is not a *parallel* relation. Then there are those who take the Mendelian laws of heredity and assume for them much more than can be demonstrated concerning racial heredity. Lothrop Stoddard heads the list of both of these types of pseudo-scientists. The simplicity of the biological argument gives it great strength and helps promote the myth that whatever is at any moment is ordained by the laws of nature. The principle of evolution is well established, but its processes and laws are still largely to be formulated. They, as all the other fields of science, are still shrouded by what William James used to call encyclopedic ignorance. As Bertrand Russell says in the *Lost Nation*, "The final conclusion is that we know very little".

## PSYCHOLOGY AND RACE

Closely related to the biological sciences in dealing with the race question is psychology. In the last decade psychology has achieved an immense importance. It now talks as though it were grown up while it is still only a very vigorous adolescent. There is probably no field of research which promises so much for society as psychology, but it must constantly be remembered that the psychologists, who have made one jump from their alliance with metaphysics to their present one with natural sciences, are often bitterly at war with one another, and their several dogmatisms are as uncompromising as those of primitive Christian sects.

The new psychology, however, in three of its aspects is very active with the race question. Behaviorism which explains as habit what was formerly considered instinctive, and therefore hereditary, accounts for apparently fixed natural differences between people which is revolutionary as compared to the ideas of a few years ago. Race characteristics may be explained as acquired modes of behavior rather than as inherent tendencies, and while the psychologists are constantly falling into inconsistencies in their use of heredity, there is much value in their method.

## "INTELLIGENCE" TESTS

The intelligence testing aspect of psychology is one of the places in which it is most misleading. It was first thought that its conclusions were immediately correlated with inherent capacity, but now its claims are not so insistent, and it is admitting that intelligence tests merely test what they test. The army test showed at the moment those who might be best prepared for training as officers. But a large number of the testers and a larger number of the general public still think that in a few minutes' observation

it is possible to say exactly where an individual or a race belongs in the human scale. This has become a most popular form of pseudo-science.

Another psychological field of great importance is psychoanalysis. This finds that individuals have attitudes that are out of focus, but which determine abnormal conduct. I have treated this at length elsewhere as closely related to the race problem. What one called race characteristics may be merely complexes created by the relations of races. Both race prejudice and race solidarity can be adequately explained only through some such principle, and since the attitudes which races have towards themselves and toward one another are at the very center of the race question, this is a most important approach to the question, but it is a field full of quacks and charlatans.

The promise of psychology is incalculable, but it is younger than biology and it deals with a subject—human consciousness—which is infinitely complex, so that its ultimate value will be very different from its present value.

## THE SOCIAL SCIENCES

When we turn to the social sciences, namely, anthropology, history, political science, economics, statistics, sociology and ethics, we find less clear scientific methods. While the social processes go on the social sciences try to separate the fundamental and essential from the temporary and capricious.

## ANTHROPOLOGY AND RACE

Anthropology is a sort of bridge between the natural and social sciences, but nevertheless interpreting its material from an understanding of the human mind. It studies the natural history of cultural development without trying to justify any social system. It uses anatomical and biological data, and the reactions of man to his environment in an objective way. On the whole its approach to the race question seems to give a sounder background than that of any other approach. But since a large proportion of the race questions involves other factors than those dealt with by anthropology it also is partial.

## HISTORY AND RACE

Since no present social fact can be understood except in relation to its historical development, history is a most important instrument with which to attack the race question, but unfortunately, history is probably the most untrustworthy of the social sciences. It is exceedingly difficult to tell whether a historical sequence is causal or chronological. In other words, the historians themselves have much disagreement as to the important and the unimportant, but the tendency of history to be biased is now being more and more demonstrated. Our national histories are written decidedly from a nationalistic point of view, and perversion of history in the schools of the world to make it the hand-maiden of patriotism is full of evil portent. But worse than that is the fact that history is always written by the victors of the struggle so that the story of the dominated is always lacking from the whole picture.

## POLITICS AND RACE

Political science has been less concerned with the science of the race question than with political practice with regard to it. But there is no field in which it is of more pressing importance. The political organization of the world is in more danger of being wrecked by the race question than by anything else, and, so far as I know, the political scientists have not generally made their voices heard, even if they have anything to say, except in a platitudinous manner about race problems. But the question of racial conflict added to that of national conflict is likely to result in the lining up of peoples in new ways, and is already offering problems in Asia which worry both Great Britain and the United States. We have a great deal of legislation in the United States on race matters which is the worst sort of blundering. Rumor said that five hundred Japanese were coming to Ohio this annum to work some land which no one else has been able to make pay. As soon as their advanced agents arrived, the whole state had a near panic, and an emotional meeting was held in Columbus to pave the way for legislation two years hence. I begged for the privilege of attending this meeting, but they feared I would be a discordant element and would not let me in.

## ECONOMICS AND RACE

Economics is one of the worst scientific offenders in its particularism. Economic determinism and the economic interpretation of history assume that the economic urge is the only one. It is simply an easy way to explain the infinitely complicated; and still, like the biological facts, the economic facts are very pervasive, but they likewise are often very much confused. Much economic thinking, even in the most scientific isolation, is for the purpose of establishing a desired economic principle. There are some signs that the economists are becoming more disinterested in results and more interested in processes, but one must always be on guard concerning economic conclusions, and yet the race question is intimately involved in economic situations. The Chinese-Japanese question on the Pacific coast has profound economic bearings, but it is pseudo-reasoning to say that it is only an economic question. In general race is used to throw dust in the eyes of the public by those who wish to secure selfish political or economic results.

Statistics seek results by counting. While it is true that "figures do not lie" it is also true that "there are lies, damned lies, and statistics". The mass of social phenomena is so great that it is impossible to comprehend it without counting and grouping. But in the vast variety of human concerns there are possibilities of counting many unimportant things and of mixing the important with the unimportant, and then drawing misleading conclusions. Thus racial groupings for intelligence tests will give a very different result in different cultural areas, e. g. northern and southern Negroes. And just as in economics, statistics are often used to prove something. At the same time when the right things to count are found, figures won't lie, and racial facts will stand up to be counted without fear or favor, and probably some very unexpected results will be discovered.

## SOCIOLOGY AND RACE

And now we come to sociology, the youngest of the social sciences, the most comprehensive, the most naive, and the most uncertain as a science but the most assured in the minds of many of its followers. It goes out in many directions, some of them bearing little relation to science, but it seems to have appropriated one concept as peculiarly its own—that is the group. Under this head a race falls, and when it has been observed merely as a group, without being thought of as a race, it may appear, in fact it already is beginning to appear, that much that was attributed to race is only peculiar to the organization of a group. However, the factors involved in a group are numerous, and the sociologist is obliged to draw on all of the other sciences, both natural and social, for his assistance. It is inevitable that many of his results will be very thin, and tentative, and there will be wide differences of opinion among sociologists.

## ETHICS AND RACE

Only recently has ethics begun to emerge from a subjective to an objective consideration of human conduct. It is the most frankly near the field of the art rather than of the science of living, and it tends to become dogmatic in its insistence on its special values. Nevertheless the introduction of ethical values may correct scientific values, and in them the synthesis of the conflict may be found. I think that nothing has been more wisely said than what was said by the eminent scientist Thomas Huxley a generation ago, and it applies peculiarly to the present relation of science to the race question: "There is another fallacy which appears to me to pervade the so-called 'ethics of evolution'. It is the notion that because on the whole animals and plants have advanced in the perfection of organization by means of the struggle for existence and the consequent 'survival of the fittest', therefore men in society, men as ethical beings, must look to the same process to help them towards perfection. . . . Social progress means the checking of the cosmic process at every step and the substitution for it of another, which may be called the ethical process."

## PSEUDO-SCIENCE

*What I have been driving at is that all science in relation to the race question may at times fall into pseudo-science.* This, as we have seen, is due to the fact that every science deals with an artificially limited portion of the universe which the scientist through constant association comes to think to be the center of the universe. There is also the appropriation of the scientific jargon by the totally unscientific who ration-

alize their prejudices and think that God intended it so because they can say it in scientific terms.

### WHAT IS A "RACE"?

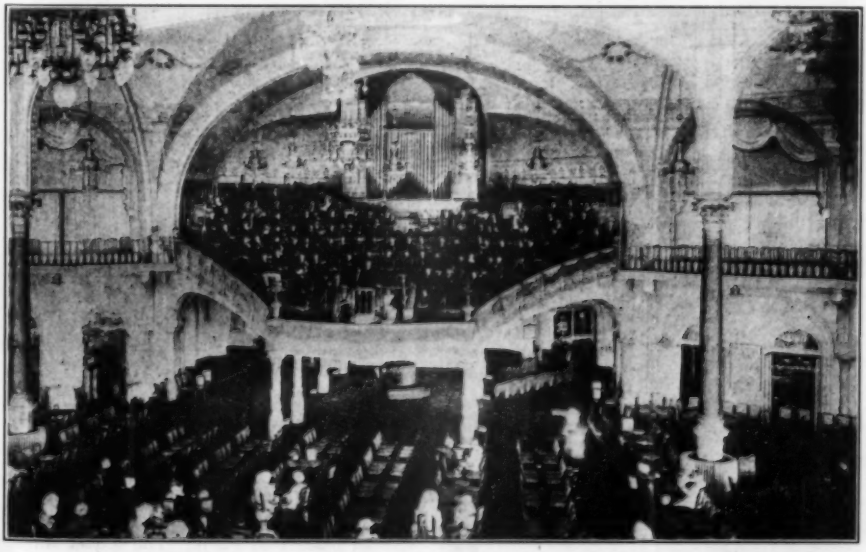
But finally the unbiased scientific conclusions seem now to be pointing to the fact that race itself is *pseudo*. A race is an artificial division of the human race for the purposes of classification just as science itself is artificially divided. Race lines apparently might just as well have been drawn in some other way, such as liability to measles, fondness for sour milk, or stature, all below 5 feet 6 might belong to the brochic race and those above to the megalic. If all the red-headed people were classed as a race, all the racial phenomena could be found in them.

Finally, then, the key to the race question is either complete naiveness as to science in which people simply live together as human beings, or such a complete understanding of science that the same result can be obtained; anything between has shown itself to be pseudo-science.

## The Horizon

¶ The Paris *Figaro* reports "an unprecedented success" in the Kursaal of Ostend, the celebrated Belgian summer resort, when the musical director, F. Rasse, gave a perfect rendition of a popular Negro rhapsodie, "Charlestonia". "The author, M. Edmund T. Jenkins, Negro, and Associate of the Royal Academy of Music of London, took part in the rendition and was the recipient of great popular appreciation."

¶ Marian Anderson, the colored contralto appeared with the Philharmonic orchestra in the New York City College stadium before an audience of 75,000. She had been chosen for this honor from among 300 competing singers. Her program included a number by Donizetti, Burleigh's "Deep River" and "Heaven", and J. Rosamond



THE KURSAAL AT OSTEND

MARIAN ANDERSON

Johnson's "Song of the Heart". The reviewer on the *New York Times* spoke of Miss Anderson as being "endowed by nature with a voice of unusual compass, color and dramatic capacity".

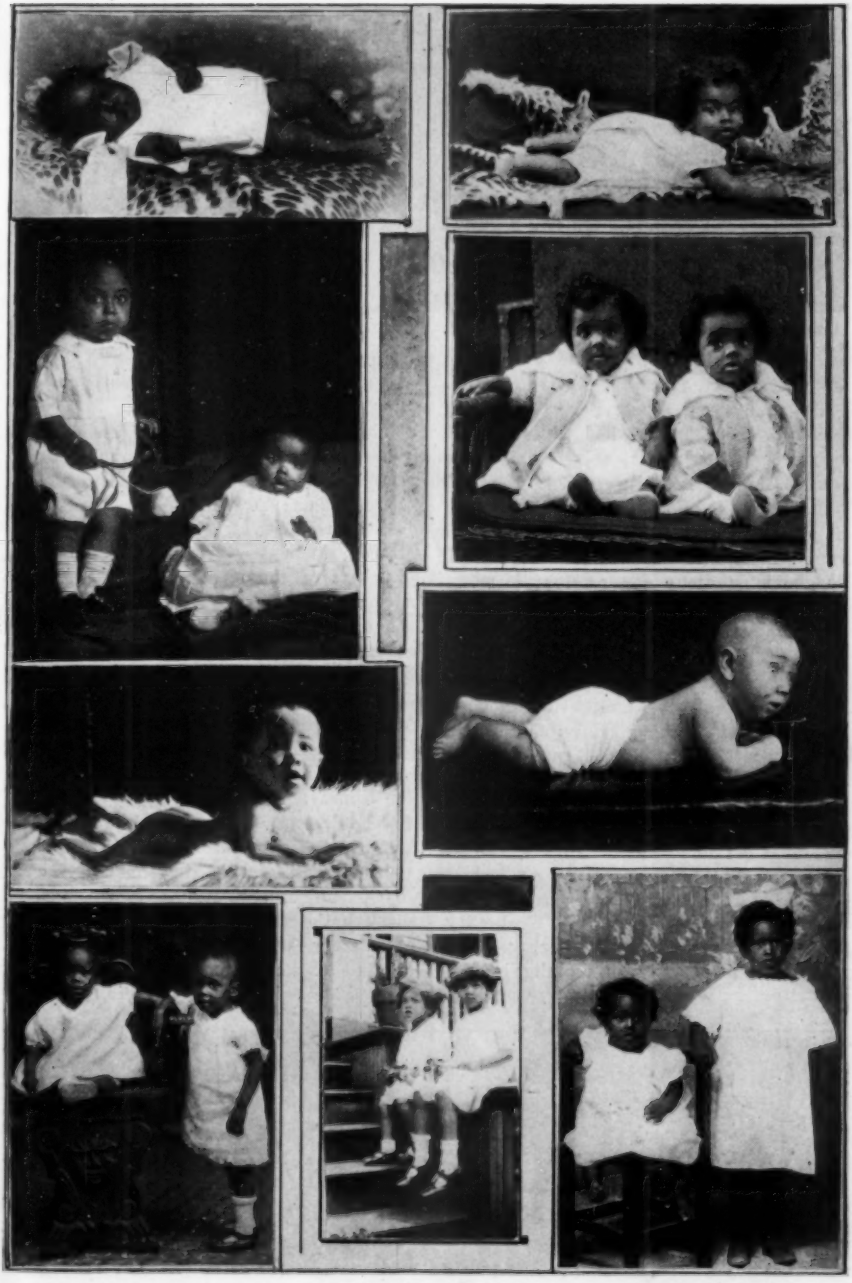
¶ Wilberforce's youngest trustee is also a woman, the first ever to hold that honor. She is Miss Helen C. Walker of Cincinnati, daughter of the Rev. J. Franklin Walker. She is a teacher in the Douglass School and received three years ago the degree of Bachelor of Arts at the University of Cincinnati.

¶ Lillian Evanti, wife of Roy W. Tibbs and daughter of the late W. Bruce Evans of Washington, D. C., has been singing abroad in Grand Opera. She made her debut at Nice last March in the French opera, "Lakme". She was supported by Jean Marny and M. Baldons of the Paris Opera. Most of her training has been acquired in Paris under Madame Ritter-Ciampi with special lessons in acting from M. Gaston Dupins. Mme. Evanti's singing was in French. She has also given two

HELEN C. WALKER

MRS. LILLIAN EVANS TIBBS

concerts in the salon of Mme. Joseph Salmon with the wonderful violinist, the Marquise de Casa Fuerte. The musical circles in Paris have generally accepted Mme. Evanti and she has given radio concerts with Madeline de Valmalette, the best woman pianist in Paris. The gifted singer will continue her engagements at Monte Carlo and Nice next winter but before then



Jessie Henrietta Hamilton
Khartoum, Sudan, Africa
Aaron and Tella Cole
Louisville, Ky.
Olga Anderson
St. Paul, Minn.
The Warren Babies
Tampa, Fla.

Ambrose and Vivian Smith
Chicago, Ill.

Nathaniel King Laing
Horace and Hortense Davis
Plainville, N. Br.
Clade Dalton Smith
Gary, Ind.
Jessie and Christabel Hamilton
Khartoum, Sudan, Africa

Crawford Purnell R. Taylor Louise Collins Isabel Harris Blanche Fisher Clement Miller

she will visit the United States to fill a limited number of engagements.

¶ The Carpenter Street School of South Woodbury, New Jersey, had three valedictorians this year and this is how it came about. Blanche P. Fisher, aged 12, Isabel L. Harris of the same age and Richard Taylor, aged 11, all completed their courses in grammar school with the same average. Blanche is studious and a great lover of books, Isabel received a prize of $5 and a certificate of merit for having the rare record of being neither absent nor tardy during her whole school career, and Richard, who for all his ability is the class baby, was also an honor roll pupil. Clement Miller, Louise Collins, and Crawford Purnell are all grammar school graduates of Troy, N. Y. Crawford passed the highest in the Regents Geography examination of any child in the state. He is twelve. Louise was valedictorian of the 8th grade.

¶ Jessie Zackery and Marguerite Avery won the operatic contest in New York City among 24 colored singers. They will be given a year's free operatic training by Mr. Ferrari-Fontana. The contest was conducted by the *Amsterdam News* (New York City) under the personal direction of the editor, William Kelley.

¶ The 30th annual session of the National Medical Association has been held in Chicago with 2,000 members and visitors. Dr. M. O. Dumas of Washington, D. C., was elected president.

¶ The Ancient Egyptian Arabic Order, Members of the Mystic Shrine, the international colored Shriners organization, held the opening exercises of its 26th annual session at the Northeast Junior High School in Kansas City, Kansas. Addresses of welcome were made by Governor Ben S. Paulen, Mayor Gordon, Professor J. P. King, principal of the High School, the Rt. Rev. W. T. Vernon and Dr. J. G. Soanes, Grand Master for Kansas.

¶ The largest parade of Negroes in the history of Richmond occurred at the convention of the Elks in that city when 20,000 uniformed Negro Elks marched through the streets. Every state and several foreign countries were represented.

¶ Little Esther Francis Hill of Maryland flagged a Baltimore and Ohio passenger

Sophia Lucille Hurt
1st Prize Winner
St. Louis, Mo.

Grace L. Burroughs
1st Prize Winner
Toledo, Ohio

Charles A. Tignor, Jr.
1st Prize Winner
Washington, D. C.

Roscoe C. Hayden, Jr.
1st Prize Winner
Kansas City, Mo.

Clarence M. Peck
Baltimore, Md.

Mildred Winston
Baltimore, Md.

Gwyendolyn Hayward
Baltimore, Md.

Prucello Wagner
Baltimore, Md.

Master Gilbert
Baltimore, Md.

Gibbons School Baby
Baltimore, Md.

C. L. Pindahughs, Jr.
Baltimore, Md.

Doris E. Howard
Baltimore, Md.

Robert Singleton
New Britain, Conn.

Tyler Herron
Peru, Ind.

Mitchell Perara
Newark, N. J.

Robert Watts, Jr.
St. Louis, Mo.

Roselvryn Lampkin
Savannah, Georgia

Evelyn Williamson
Pasadena, Calif.

Wineto Ockbeet
Khartoum, Sudan, Africa

Garland Murray
Columbus, Ohio

DONNA MARIE WASHINGTON
First Prize Winner, Beatrice, Nebr.

train to warn the engineer that a tree was across the track. The great company strained its finances by awarding the little girl one hundred dollars as a token of appreciation of the management for her action. The train engineer gave it as his opinion that the child undoubtedly prevented a wreck.

¶ Among the 105 students from 32 states who attended the summer session of the National Training School of the New York Y. W. C. A. were 7 young colored women. They were as follows: Anna Arnold, of Springfield, Ohio; Josie Patley, Williamsburg, Pa.; Aurelia Williams, Charlotte, N. C.; DeAroma McCrorey, Charlotte, N. C.; Eleanor Coleman, Germantown, Pa.; Frances Waugh, Columbus, Ohio; and Bernice Copeland, Indianapolis, Indiana.

¶ The Catholic Church has lost a great worker through the death of Monsignor John Edward Burke who has labored among Negroes for forty of the forty-five years of his priesthood. For the last 18 years he was director-general of the Catholic Board for Mission Work among Colored People. In 1885 he established the church of St. Benedict the Moor in West 53rd Street, New York, and the next year founded the St. Benedict Home for destitute Negro children at Rye, New York.

¶ Amelia M. Steward, a colored maid, was bequeathed the greater part of the fifty thousand dollar fortune of her late mistress, Miss Woodard, of Trenton, N. J. Relatives protested the will but Vice-Chancellor Meade of Trenton declared that the will is valid and the bequest must stand.

¶ The Interstate Commerce Commission has ruled that "shut out" contracts by railroads are illegal. This ruling followed an effort made by the Erie road to give a "shut out" contract to the Ringling-Barnum-Bailey outfit. The point came up because a southern road had refused to move the Pat Chappelle load on the ground that Chappelle was a Negro. The decision rendered was "the carrier . . . may not distinguish between private cars owned by Negroes and those owned by whites".

¶ The new legislative council of Sierra Leone, British West Africa, consists of twenty-five members including the governor. Of these nine are colored; sixteen are white officials and three are Paramount Chiefs.

J. LENNIE SMITH
2nd Prize Winner, Newport News, Va.

CHARLES H. WESLEY, PH.D.

¶ Charles H. Wesley, head of the Department of History at Howard University, received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from Harvard University in June, after receiving some years ago the degree of Master of Arts from Yale and a degree of Bachelor of Arts from Fisk. Dr. Wesley has also studied at the Guilde Internationale in Paris. During his undergraduate days he traveled with the Fisk Singers. He has filled every position on the staff of instruction in history at Howard, having been instructor in the teaching of history and modern languages, assistant professor of history, associate professor of history, professor of history and head of the department. Dr. Wesley also holds the degree of Bachelor of Divinity and has served as pastor of Ebenezer and Campbell A. M. E. Churches in Washington, D. C., and Secretary for Overseas Work of the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A.

¶ The American branch of the Fellowship of Reconciliation has sent Rev. Clarence Neff of Foochow, China, as ambassador of friendship to the people of the Philippine Islands. The reason for this undertaking has grown out of the nature of the Fellowship of Reconciliation which believes in the oneness of the human family.

¶ The Howard University students with the Reserve Officers Training Corps at Camp Meade, Maryland, made remarkable ratings for efficiency and conduct. For a given two weeks Howard students led the rating with an average of 95 6/10 per cent and 95 2/10 per cent respectively excelling 14 other units in camp.

¶ The first anniversary celebration of the Nigerian Progress Union has been held at London University, London. Special addresses were made by Professor J. S. G. de Montmorency, Otto During of Sierra Leone, who spoke on the need for compulsory education in West Africa, and Dr. Bankole-Bright whose subject was "Unity and Co-operation between all West African Youths". Harold Jackman of New York attended these meetings.

¶ 150 colored farmers attended the first Farmers Conference at Gibbons Institute, a colored Catholic institution in Maryland.

¶ The Independent Order of St. Luke, of which Mrs. Maggie L. Walker is executive head, held its 58th annual and 4th biennial convention in New York City. They were welcomed by Mayor Hylan and reported assets of over two million dollars. Mrs.

JAY GARLAND McRAE
First Prize Winner, Baltimore, Maryland

THE HONORABLE EDWIN W. BARCLAY
Secretary of State of the Republic of Liberia

Sarah Clarke of New York City was elected R. W. Grand Chief; Mrs. Maggie L. Walker, R. W. Grand Secretary-Treasurer and Rev. W. H. Sims, R. W. Grand Chaplain.

¶ The Supreme Lodge of the Knights of Pythias met in Louisville, Kentucky, with 15,000 visitors. Their headquarters were in the Pythian Temple for which the Negroes have recently refused an offer of $350,000. The mayor of the city welcomed them and Supreme Chancellor S. W. Green reported 294,222 members and total resources of eight million dollars. The parade, led by General R. R. Jackson of Chicago, "gave Louisville something to see and something to talk about", as the morning paper reported. The Pythians are building in Chicago a temple which is planned to be the finest office building owned by American Negroes. They hope to have it finished in 1927.

¶ DeHart Hubbard, the world's greatest broad jumper, was invited to be a starter in the series of three sprint races at the International Knight Track Meet directed by the New York chapter of the Knights of Columbus at the Yankee Stadium. DeHart is the only jumper who has ever cleared twenty-five feet more than once. He established this year a new world record for the broad jump of 25 feet 10⅞ inches. Steve Farrell, Michigan Track coach, says that Hubbard is also the fastest man in the world today at 50 yards.

¶ The Associated Fisk Clubs have met in Chicago with 130 graduates of Fisk University present and clubs in all sections represented. A permanent organization was formed and Henry Hugh Proctor elected president. Miss Sophie Boaz was made travelling secretary to raise funds. The university has opened with overflowing numbers. The fight for a new Fisk is thus abundantly justified.

¶ The oldest Negro normal school in America is situated in Fayetteville, N. C. This institution occupies a campus of 50 acres on which are 10 buildings. It was established in 1877 and at that time consisted of three rooms in an old school building at Gillespie Street with a principal, two assistants and an annual appropriation of $2,000. Last year its enrollment was 616 pupils. Its principal is E. E. Smith, who has served in that capacity for some 40 years.

THE ATLANTA CONVENTION OF THE MADAM C. J. WALKER AGENTS

¶ William G. Butler, Grand Master of the Pennsylvania Negro Masons, is dead as the result of injuries sustained in an automobile accident. He was 66 years old.

¶ The Honorable E. W. Barclay, Secretary of State of Liberia, is now in the United States and is understood to be negotiating a loan for his government from private bankers.

Blanche, Elizabeth, Frederic and James Clayton, New York

KHARTOUM, SUDAN, AFRICA
Standing L. to R: Saloma, Ethiopia, Yohannes
Sitting: Esther, Ababa, Mallis, Sihion
Front Row: Wahba, Waheba

# The Looking Glass

## *LITERATURE*

It is not right
To call men white
Who virtue lack;
For it is sin,
And not the skin,
That makes men black.
Not by the cut of his hair,
Not by his clan or birth,
Shall the Brahman claim the Brahman's name,
But only by moral worth.

—From the Buddhist Dhammopada, translated by E. Washburn Hopkins in his "Ethics of India".

* * *

Countée Cullen, winner of the first poetry prize in THE CRISIS literary contest, is issuing his first book this fall, "Color" (Harper's).

* * *

By a happy coincidence his fellow-poet and contemporary, Langston Hughes, brings out his first book, "The Weary Blues" (Knopf) in January. THE CRISIS wishes the best of luck to both these young toilers up the slope of Parnassus.

* * *

The critic Carl Van Vechten writes in *Vanity Fair:*

The work of Langston Hughes is informed with a sensitivity and a nostalgia, racial in origin, for beauty, color and warmth. His subjects are extraordinarily diversified. A lyric simplicity marks his sea pieces; his cabaret verses dance to the rhythm of Negro jazz; now he mourns for the hurt of the black man; again he celebrates the splendor of the women of Mexico or the savage beauty of the natives of the African coast.

Although still a very young man, Langston Hughes has crowded more adventure into his life than most of us will experience. Born February 1, 1902, in Joplin, Mo., he has lived in Mexico, Topeka, Kansas, Colorado Springs, Charlestown, Indiana, Lincoln, Illinois, Cleveland, Ohio, New York City, Staten Island, Pittsburgh, the West Coast of Africa, Holland, Paris, Desenzano, on Lago di Garda, Verona, Venice, and Genoa. His occupations have been as various as his peregrinations. He has acted as paper boy, hotel porter, soda-fountain boy, waiter, cook, errand boy at a florist's, sailor, farmhand, advertising solicitor, pantry-man in an oyster house, book agent and even as a beach-comber!

And speaking of Negro literature let us quote an editorial in the New York *World* on a "Negro Literary Renaissance":

Seven hundred Negro writers and artists competed for the Amy Spingarn prizes, awarded at a Harlem meeting under the auspices of THE CRISIS. It was not the only occasion in recent months where eminent white authors have joined in praising the fruits of the new Negro literary movement. Older writers, like Stanley Braithwaite in criticism, Du Bois in the essay, James Weldon Johnson in poetry, rose to distinction slowly and singly. But since 1920 there has come forward a group remarkable for its vigor, originality and racial flavor. In fiction it includes Jessie Fauset and Walter White, whose novels, "There Is Confusion" and "The Fire in the Flint", are able studies of race problems. In the short story it has produced Jean Toomer. It counts such poets as Claude McKay, the Jamaica-born author of "Harlem Shadows", and two of the Spingarn prize-winners, Countée Cullen and Langston Hughes. These and others are gaining the Negro a recognized place in contemporary letters.

In this literary movement New York may feel a special pride. We have 175,000 colored residents packed into the Harlem district, or 100,000 more than in any Southern centre. Here a people whose American history till a generation ago was exclusively rural have been given the stimulation and cultural advantages of the metropolis. They have now a number of their own intellectual, social and financial leaders to guide them. The response to the new environment is already striking, and promises to affect the Negro all over the United States. Other arts—music with Burleigh, Roland Hayes and Nathaniel Dett; the stage with Paul Robeson—have welcomed Negroes, but perhaps naturally they find their fullest voice in literature.

* * *

## *THE HAPLESS VIRGIN ISLANDS*

LUCIUS G. M. Malmin, for six years Federal judge in the Virgin Islands, brings serious charges in the *Syracuse Journal* (N. Y.) against the U. S. Navy's deportment in these possessions. He declares:

1. In five years the islands will be depopulated because of misrule and bad economic conditions.

2. In eight years the islands have had six naval officers as governors, five of whom have been recalled because of gross mismanagement of affairs.

3. A naval governor ordered him to render a certain decision from the bench without hearing the evidence, and ejected him from his court when he refused to do it.

4. Congress has broken faith with the natives by failing to provide a civil government instead of a naval rule, inaugurated as a temporary measure.

5. A native editor was jailed for criticizing the naval rule.

* * *

The famous misrule of American Marines in Haiti is continued in these islands:

"The islands are regarded as occupied territory by the naval administrators. They conduct themselves as conquerors, not as guardians.

"The natives have no country. They gave up their Danish citizenship and have been given no other. They cannot get passports to leave their native soil for foreign countries, and, if they go to New York or to Porto Rico, as 10,000 of them have done, they have no rights of citizenship."

As typical of alleged naval mismanagement, Judge Malmin cites two incidents that occurred under the administration of the late Governor Williams:

"Several months ago", he says, "Rothchild Francis, editor of *The Emancipator*, published at St. Thomas, the capital of the islands, criticized editorially the conduct of a certain police official. He was arrested, fined, and given 30 days in jail by Judge George Washington Williams of Baltimore, my successor.

"Rothschild appealed. Commenting on the appeal in his paper, he was again arrested and given the same sentence.

"The other instance led to the recall of Governor Wiliams. The local assembly of the island had been dominated by the governors. When it finally revolted and refused to confirm two of Governor Williams' appointments, the governor dispersed it."

* * *

Economic conditions are poor and the islands are gradually becoming depopulated:

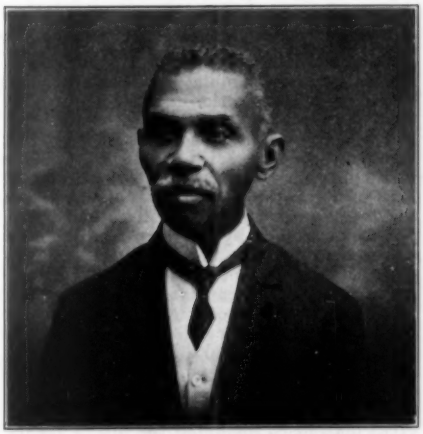
"St. Thomas formerly was a great coaling station, but more and more ships are using oil burning engines", he says.

"The rum made at St. Croix was world famous, but prohibition has killed that industry. Sugar brings only two cents a pound in the islands now, and this means wages of 20 cents a day for the natives.

"The population of the islands was 25,000, but it is fast diminishing. Most of the natives are Negroes, but they are literate and intelligent, having been educated by the Danish."

## *HAITI MOURNS*

THE great Haitian patriot, Georges Sylvain, is dead. Perhaps nothing indicates more beautifully the fine culture of the upper class of Haitians than the formal funeral notice sent out by the family. We reprint it without translation.



M. GEORGES SYLVAIN

Madame Georges SYLVAIN, Monsieur le docteur Normil SYLVAIN, Mademoiselle Suzanne SYLVAIN, Monsieur Henri SYLVAIN, Mademoiselle Madeleine SYLVAIN, Mademoiselle Jeanne SYLVAIN, Mademoiselle Yvonne SYLVAIN, Monsieur Pierre SYLVAIN, Madame Eugène MALBRANCHE, les familles SYLVAIN, HENRIQUEZ, ST. AUDE, LaMOTHE, MALEBRANCHE, tous les autres parents et alliés ont la douleur de vous faire part de la mort de leur épou, père, gendre, parent et allié,

*Joseph Marie Arthur Georges Sylvain,*
*Ancien chef de division au Department de l'Instruction Publique,*
*Ancien juge au Tribunal de Cassation,*
*Ancien Ministre d'Haïti á Paris et pres du Saint Siege,*
*Ancien Secrétaire général de la Société de Législation,*
*Ancien Délégué de l'Alliance Française,*
*Membre de l'Institut International de Sociologie,*
*Officier de l'Instruction Publique,*
*Officier de la Légion d'Honneur,*
*Président du Sénat,*
*Administrateur Délégué de l'Union Patriotique,*

survenue le Dimanche 2 Août 1925, muni des Sacrements de l'Eglise.

Des funérailles nationales lui ont été offertes par la reconnaissance populaire, le mardi 4 août courant.

PRIEZ POUR LUI!

Port-au-Prince, le 13 août 1925.

## *WANTED—A NEW CONSTITUTION*

THE Richmond, Va., *News-Leader* comments on the price which Virginia is paying for a constitution discriminating against the colored voter:

As sectionalism declines and political dissent increases, Virginia will be able to rid herself of a constitution that was drawn by men determined to eliminate the Negro voter, distrustful of legislatures and, for the rest, convinced that political wisdom would die with them. The constitution of 1902 reflects the fears of 1867, and was enacted to prevent conditions which were proved to be past by the very fact that the state voted to have new organic law. Instead of this sunset constitution, Virginia needs a sunrise document, written by men who are not afraid of the day. Instead of tying every member of the body politic, the constitution should loose the political Lazarus and let him go. Think of a constitution in which the section on corporations is far longer than the whole of the great document, including the bill of rights, drawn up by George Mason in 1776. At a time when Virginia demands more of her public servants than Mason and his colleagues ever dreamed that government would be called upon to do, the constitution gives far less latitude than was allowed even by men whom experience had made distrustful of rulers. It is an anomaly so absurd and so burdensome to Virginia that the revision of the constitution should not be delayed. As soon as there is assurance that the people will elect a convention that is not under the thraldom of the past, Virginia should have a new constitution. And the cornerstone of it should be electoral requirements that will facilitate rather than handicap the expression of the public will. Every man who is not afraid of bringing the Valkyries of politics down upon him, for what they deem treason to the white race, will admit in all frankness that Virginia is paying far too heavy a price for the disfranchisement of the Negro. In order to rid herself of the colored man in politics, she has put about the ballot so many requirements that she is ruled by a tiny fraction of her people. The recent primary was proclaimed a great achievement, because a vote of some 175,000 was polled. Yet it remains a fact that the nomination, which means election as governor, was won with a poll of 107,000—something less than 5 per cent of the population of the commonwealth!

* * *

## *MARTYRS*

EVEN the *Chicago Tribune*, of unsavory reputation, has a word of grief for the dead Negro soldiers of Illinois:

Captain Browning and the seven men of the Eighth Infantry, I. N. G., killed by the explosion at Camp Grant, died for their country. Let us honor these soldiers who are dead or wounded in a patriotic service which involves not merely danger even in peace, but effort and sacrifice of time. The citizen soldiers of the guard and of the reserve are doing a duty which in fact belongs to all citizens of military age. Under the inequitable and inadequate system of voluntary service most of us are able to shirk the duty and never think we are shirking. Under a really democratic system of universal compulsory training every American citizen would be required to give in his youth some time to fit himself to defend his country, but we rely upon the volunteer, the exceptional citizen who for patriotic motive or military taste, or both, will give time and effort in soldierly preparation. Their service should be especially appreciated because it is voluntary and one which the rest of us owe as much as they.

All honor then to Captain Browning and the men, dead or wounded, who were stricken in the service of the nation.

* * *

## *CHRISTIANITY, CULTURE, PEACE AND COMPANY*

PAUL HUTCHINSON, writing in the *Nation*, gives some delicious side lights on the Institute of Pacific Relations recently held in Honolulu. He quotes the Chinaman, Chen, a Y. M. C. A. secretary:

I quite understand that you do not intend to give up your unjust privileges in China if you can help it. After you have insisted that we treat you as demi-gods for almost a century, you do not like to be asked to step down on the plane of ordinary mortals. But let me tell you this: those unequal treaties have got to go! Turkey got rid of her capitulations. China has seen how she did it. China knows now how to obtain attention from the other nations. The Shanghai riots were only the first whisper of what is to come. The day of the foreign demi-god in my country is over.

He notes the usual explanation of the "high moral principle" which keeps white and colored people from social contact and quotes the words of a Japanese liberal:

The more I study the international situation in the Pacific the clearer becomes my vision that America is *par excellence* THE problem before the peoples of this great ocean. On any of the problems in which these Pacific nations are vitally interested—whether economic or financial, political or spiritual—the discussions at our round tables have shown that sooner or later we strike the ground rock of American viewpoints and American policies. Our further progress in our efforts for satisfactory solutions of these problems, therefore, depends altogether upon America.

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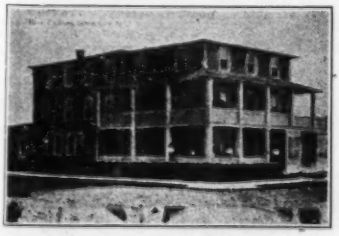

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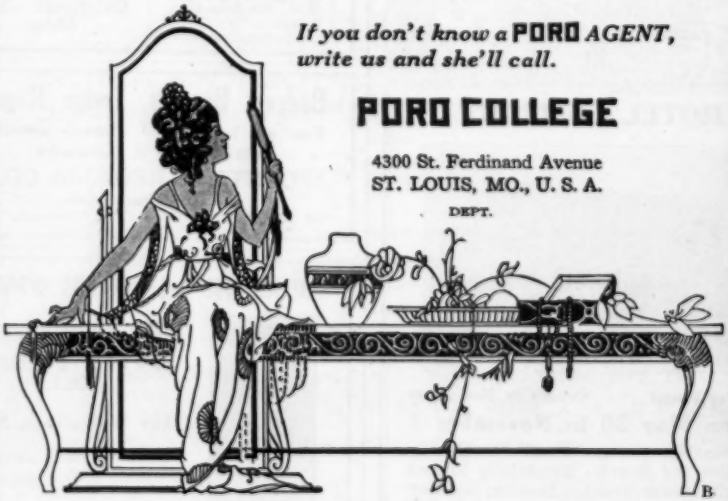

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